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THE PACIFIC

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"Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death,
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder."

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Secretary Baker says that he could ship 1,500,000 men to France if we had the transportation facilities.

The average decrease in registration of colleges in the United States because of the war has been about 20 per cent.

Of course Pasadena could not accept the bequest of $25,000 for an Old Peoples' Home, a condition of which was that no Catholic should ever be admitted.

Senator Wadsworth of New York says that he expects more criticism of the government in the prosecution of the war, but that it will be more temperate in tone, but earnest and insistent.

Already the testimony is coming from Indiana that prohibition is doing for that state what it has done for many others. Business is not suffering; and money once spent for booze is going now for food and clothing.

The Catholic church lays claim to more than 30 per cent of the United States army and more than 40 per cent of the navy. In a list of Catholics prominently identified with war work is the name of Charles M. Schwab, Director General of Ship Building.

In "America Among the Nations," a recent book by H. H. Powers, it is argued that nations, whatever their governments, do not war for commerce nor to rally their people as slaves to serve the ambitions of an autocrat, but in mystic response to a "great common impulse," an "oversoul," unintelligible to them.

The Institutional Church scheme, the Christian Herald observes, is proving wonderfully productive of marriages. And one of the comments is: "In these times of hasty, reckless marrying the church courtship exerts its beneficent influnce. The truest and most perfect unions are contracted through the wholesome friendships begun in the churches."

"Running the World Without God" was the caption of an editorial not long ago in one of the religious papers. Some truths unpalatable no doubt to many of the readers of the paper were set forth; and the fact that they were unpalatable is another item that that religious journal can add to its list of what it held to be evidences that the world is being run without God.

Concerning the book written last year by Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont, "The Faith of a Middle-Aged Man" the Northwestern Christian Advocate remarks: "Every treatment is fresh and interesting, yielding useful points of view in each case for the studious teacher of an adult Bible class. In fact, this book would be a stimulating textbook for an adult Bible class if it were somewhat more pedagogically arranged."

A woman Y. M. C. A. worker in France, noticing a young United States soldier lingering about after his wants apparently had been satisfied, enquired whether she could serve him further, and his reply was, "I just want to stand around and hear you talk." One soldier boy said to one of these workers: "You will never know how good it seemed to hear a woman's voice speaking American. I just could 'a bawled when I heard you." It is said that nearly all the soldiers want to show these women workers the snapshots of their mothers, sisters, wives or sweethearts which they carry with them.

A professional singer who has been an entertainer at the training camps says that the soldiers want the best music. "When the mobolization first began it was supposed that the men wanted only ragtime, jazz band and mooney-looney-wishy-washy stuff, but a few of the good old muiscal standbys given as encores soon proved by the applause they won that the soldier boys' tastes are above those credited by some producers to the Tired Business Man. One thing is sure, they don't want cheap heroics about marching into Berlin. It doesn't ring true, and if there is any place where a man learns true valuations it is in the training camps."

"The banner of the old order bore the splendid word Freedom; the banner of the new shall bear the twin legend Freedom and Fellowship." So writes Richard Roberts, that man of vision whom England contributed not long ago to the United States, and who is now pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, New York City. And Mr. Roberts adds: "And perhaps the Church may be redeemed by the gift of a new prophetic word, a new evangelism which will call men to bind their brethren to themselves in a living comradeship—where there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free—with the same passion, the same urgency as in times past it has called them to flee from the wrath to come."

Governor Bamburger of Utah, who was born in Germany, a thorough-going supporter of the Government of the United States in the vigorous prosecution of the war, declares that German-Americans are "more ignorant than disloyal." * * * "They have no grudge against America; they are really loyal to America. But they do not appreciate all that America has done for them, and they do not realize that America is fighting for democracy for the people of Germany just as much as for anyone else. Another thing I find is that these Germans who cling to the thought of Germany don't understand Germany. The worst thing about the German-Americans is their clannishness. And the Americans themselves are very largely responsible for that. The Germans anywhere naturally stand off by themselves unless they are pretty actively encouraged not to. Well, America has not only allowed them to live as separate groups in our communities, but has actually encouraged them to do so. Politicians have played up to the 'German-American' faction in city or district or State, and have actually helped in setting one group of the peo-

ple against another, solidifying the natural tendency of the Germans to stand aside as a separate entity in the population and not pay much attention to the native Americans; they simply do not know anything about them, are not interested in them, don't see anything beyond their own little group concerns."

LEADING PRESBYTERIAN PAPER CALLS ON BILLY SUNDAY TO SHOW PENITENCE.

"Love Stories of the Bible"—a book written by Hugh C. Weir, a professional book writer, was published not long ago as the work of Billy Sunday. The facts in the case were brought out in a suit in the New York courts instituted by Mrs. Anna T. Burt, claiming compensation for introducing Mr. Weir to Mr. Sunday and so being instrumental in securing Mr. Sunday's name for the manuscript. She was awarded $250 by the court, no defense being put up.

The first sentence in Mr. Sunday's "foreword" in the book is: "This is the first book appearing under my authorship; to those who have assisted me in writing it I wish to give credit."

The Continent remarks as to this that it betrays uneasiness over the bargain. "He manifestly felt it necessary to erect some shelter against future criticism. But the shelter is inadequate. Being 'assisted' is not taking over bodily another man's manuscript—even though one might here and there add an amending touch or two of one's own. The simple and unabatable truth of the case is that Mr. Sunday has been caught in a sad piece of wrong doing. And as a preacher of the gospel which calls on men to repent of their sins he can only square himself with the church whose ethical reputation he has discredited by publicly acknowldeging the sin and voicing unreservedly his penitence."

The Continent has never been unduly critical of Mr. Sunday. But as to this arrangement it says that it presumably was "on consideration of a share in the royalties."

We understand that the publishers of the book have stated that they can no longer advertise it—believing when they undertook its publication that it was genuine as to authorship. As to this refusal of the publishers The Continent says: "What a startling anomaly to discover a firm of commercial publishers more sensitive to the ethical impropriety of deceiving the public than the most popular gospel preacher of his generation."

The Christian Century, of Chicago, representative of the Disciples of Christ or "Christian" Church, quotes some of the Continents' words and concludes: "The least the religious press of the country can do is to take up The Continents' adjuration to the famous preacher and strengthen it to the point of effectualness by the addition of many voices."

The foregoing was written four weeks ago, but, on further consideration, after it was written, was withheld from publication. We wished to give Mr. Sunday an opportunity to explain—if explanation were possible. We have not seen any explanation, nor any manifestation of penitence; and now let the article go forth. The writer has never been able to estimate Mr. Sunday as highly as the majority seem to estimate him; but having expressed judgment in The Pacific several years ago, after a careful study of the man and his work, has refrained from being a "knocker," and intends to continue to so refrain. But this matter, lately come to light, cannot be allowed to go without comment.

Do right, and God will see to it that you come out right.

PASTOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF PASADENA IS SELLING CIGARETTES IN FRANCE.

It is a startling announcement! But read what Dr. Freeman says in way of defense before judgment is pronounced:

"Perhaps you have the tobacco problem settled even before I learn that you have been discussing it, for it is almost accidental that we learn of much that happens back home. Now, I have spoken in school and in church against cigarette smoking; and, please God, I shall do it again. On my way to France, I treasured a secret hope that whatever else I had to do I might not have to sell cigarettes. But I have sold cigarettes, and I have hauled cigarettes, and I have given away cigarettes from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun; I have cut tobacco plugs, and passed out tins and packages of various mixtures; and I have done it all without defilnig or doing violence to my conscience. Nor am I the only one thus temporarily to change my attitude. I could name you college presidents and the most honored of Christian leaders who, despite their former manifestos, frantically wire our stores for special brands as if they were connoisseurs of the weed.

"Of course, I cannot pretend to know the conditions in the camps at home, and can very well see the possibility of such as justify the cry of Chaplain Stanley Roberts against being "deluged" with tobacco. But we are not so overwhelmed in France. The tonnage problem, the mail restrictions and the limitations of personal baggage all forbid a deluge. We are in luck if we acquire a stock sufficient to carry over three days; and we are compelled, heartless though it sems, to refuse to sell the poilu because we haven't supply enough for our own men.

"The thing the soldier most desires is tobacco. This is true of an overwhelming majority of the men. Nothing seems so much to contribute to his contentment in the muck of our appointed villages, or to his calmness in the more advanced posts. I rather think that I'd smoke, too, if I had only a trench by day and only a dugout or henhouse by night. Smoking is the least of our evils. You can't send too much tobacco to France. I know what Dr. Fisher says about its making a man a poorer shot; but there are other things that might be worse for his shooting. Deprive him of his chiefest pleasure, and see how many bull's eyes he gets! Tell him Congress has determined he shall have no more smokes, and note the effect on his morale. A discontented army cannot be victorious. Naturally some may urge that this argument might as well be made for drinking and the social evil. Not so. The judgment of the world is against these. The soldier concedes they are wrong. But he makes no such concession touching smoking—it is not a moral question at all with the British for example. Besides, these men are risking all. How then shall I, for whom the risk is made whose wife and little children are to benefit by their sacrifices, refuse the ministry they crave most?

"One Sunday morning I came upon an overturned ambulance that was bringing from the front two men for the hospital, and which, by its overturning had fitted three more for beds in a ward. I sent my machine back with the injured; but the ambulance driver, despite his own rather serious condition, refused to leave the wreck—his duty lay there. He was shivering with the shock, so I hiked off to the nearest camp to get him some food. There was nothing to be had but coffee and hard-tack, but one of the men offered to carry some of that. He was almost apologetic for doing so, and when the driver tried to thank him,turned it off with, 'I'd do anything for a brother soldier.' The hard-tack was not touched, half the coffee was thrown a-

way. The chauffeur made up a cigarette, and offered one to his new friend. Then, when he found that he who had brought his best substitute for a 'cup of cold water' was himself just in from action, that he had no tobacco for three days, turned over to him the balance of tobacco left in the pouch. It was touching to one who had lived the selfish life of the modern city. It illustrated the soldier's highest and yet simplest form of hospitality.

"There are some things which, these days, you must judge by the soldier's standard. Tobacco is neither a vice nor a luxury; it is a necessity. Decide what you please for the camps at home, you who know things as they are, but don't decide for France until you have been here, and been here for more than the weekend."

THE DRIFT DANGEROUS.

Under the caption of "The 'Offensive' Cigarette," the Northwestern Christian Advocate takes a position somewhat different from that by Dr. Freeman as set forth in the preceding article:

"The fight against tobacco in general, and the cigarette in particular, would appear, from present indications, to be a losing one. The cigarette is not only offensive, but it's on the offensive. We have talked with boys in the camps, and the information obtained, added to personal observation, leads us to conclude that nine tenths of the boys in the army smoke cigarettes, a large per cent of whom had never before enlisting. Really, no other result could be expected with the influence at work forcing tobacco upon the army.

First of all comes the tobacco trust itself. Their advertising propaganda has been pushed strenuously and without regard to cost. Benevolently disposed organizations have taken the matter up. Hundreds of daily papers, thinking to strike a popular chord, have started 'Sammie Backer' columns calling for tobacco money for the boys. Even the Red Cross has been beguiled into putting cigarettes and pipes into comfort kits and many churchmen and not a few pastors have yielded to the insidious influences and are acquiescing in the general breakdown at this particular point.

"The drift is bad; indeed, it is dangerous. What the outcome will be is difficult at this stage to tell; but undoubtedly for a long time after the army returns, the example of millions of our soldier boys flecking ashes from their cigarettes in the presence of the oncoming generation will afford an influence most difficult to overcome. The only thing to do is to fight the evil harder than ever, and there is no better time to launch the offensive than now."

TWO NEW YORK SERVICE FLAGS, EPISCOPAL AND CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York City said in a recent address at a meeting in aid of the Knights of Columbus war fund the Catholics are raising:

"I confess that I look with deep pride at the great service flag with more than 500 stars on it which hangs in the church yard of old Trinity down near Wall street. But I want to say here that I look with no less satisfaction at that magnificent service flag which hangs over the door of St. Patrick's cathedral. I believe, and I hope with all my heart that this experience of war is going greatly to lessen that narrow religious prejudice and bitterness of which we have had too much in the past. It is going to bring all of us. Jew and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, nearer to reality and to God; and as we stand nearer to Him we shall be drawn nearer to each other.

"We are still going to have our different convictions. We are not going to surrender our religious principles. We are not going to join in that thoughtless cry which declares that creeds are unimportant as though religion could continue without any clear and definite belief. We are going to be clear and loyal to each in his own faith, but we are not going to hate and suspect and malign one another because we differ in some of our convictions. We are going to respect and believe in one another all the more for the honesty and consistency with which each one holds and practices his faith."

Concerning the suggestion now and then made that the work of the Y. M. C. A. the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Welfare Board ought to be combined in one organization Dr. Manning remarked:

"I want to say that this would be the greatest possible mistake. You might as well say that the army would be strengthened by combining the infantry, the artillery and the engineers. We need them all, and each one has its own work to do. To combine them would be a loss of power, and it would not work. Two terrier dogs will play around the same yard with perfect friendliness and good feeling, but tie their tails tight together and you will soon see what will happen. There will be a fight that will rouse the whole neighborhood.

"Under the present arrangement these agencies work in the friendliest spirit of co-operation. I found myself a short time ago sending a letter written on Y. M. C. A. paper, in a Knights of Columbus envelope, to a woman of my own church about some things needed by a Jewish boy in my regiment. No agencies are doing more to help the Jewish Welfare Board—and they are all needed."

THE JESUS ON THE SHORE.

By Byron H. Stauffer.

When Jesus stood on the shore, the disciples knew not that it was the Lord. They didn't expect to meet the risen Christ on their Lake Tahoe. Some people do not take their religion into the mountains or to the sea with them. They leave it at home. When they get back they find it dead alongside of their forgotten canary bird. Only a Christian can worship in the Sierras.

It fell to my lot, on behalf of a group of Methodist preachers to conduct a famous Wesleyan parson, the pastor of the celebrated City Road Chapel, to Niagara Falls. When we arrived where the first sight of the cataract was obtained, my guest stood, uncovered, trembled with emotion and cried out: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters! The God of glory thundereth! The Lord is upon many waters! The Lord sitteth upon the flood!" He forgot I was there. He was worshipping.

And here was Jesus in the haunts of trade. When He asked, "What luck?" He was really asking, "How is business?" And when He told them where to cast their net, He was really telling them how to run their business. So few, even of our conscientious folk, expect to see Jesus down on 'Change. Yet, there He stands, business man, to tell you how and where to cast YOUR net. There He is, behind your office chair, making suggestions, urging you to be big-hearted, to become famous as a square-dealer.

What will happen to business after the war? Well, this I know, that any business that Jesus has directed will stand! Any work, any trade, any corporation, established on the Golden Rule, will withstand all the storms of a Bolsheviki period. "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine (The sayings of the Sermon on the Mount),

and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

Oh, that we might see the Jesus upon the shore! The risen Christ is never labeled. He labels Himself by his very spirit. The mistake of the church has been in trying to secure the attention of the world to a theory instead of a life. So men have tired of hearing about the doctrines and the formulas, and have become prejudiced against the church with whose real mission they have been in actual accord. It was when the Master began to do His characteristically sweet deeds on that shore that they recognized Him. Oh, that we may preach the Jesus on the shore! Oh, that we may show men that all the beauty of character that they admire, all the noble deeds, all the kindly thoughts, and the sacrificial acts that are answered by something within their own souls, is Christian, and just what the church wants to instil into childhood and into the masses! As surely as we do this, and point out the sweet-voiced and sweet-visaged Stranger, the Peters will come splashing up and surround our Master, will come flocking up into our churches to meet the Lord, the Lord!

THE LITTLE BRICK CHURCH.

By W. N. Burr.

The day after the recent earthquake we went with Pomona friends to Hemet and San Jacinto to view the ruins. It is a 60-mile ride over to the scene of the disaster and all the way a double line of autos, going and coming, indicated the prevailing thought that, for the time, was urging the movement of the people of this region.

"I wonder how much of real sympathy there is in all this, and how much is pure curiosity?" one casually remarked.

The question was later put to a long-time newspaper friend who is accustomed to estimating the motives of crowds that gather hastily.

"I am afraid curiosity would win out easily over sympathy," was his reply. "Anyway, curiosity holds the billboards with this crowd, and sympathy is hidden behind the scenes."

"Getting ready to come to the stage for her part a little later," I ventured.

"Perhaps," he smiled; and I doubt if he were really quite so skeptical as he appeared to be.

It is certain that emotions that run deeper than "mere curiosity" were surging through the hearts of some who helped to swell the crowd that visited that day the ruin wrought by the earthquake. I felt myself in rather close fellowship with Nehemiah as I walked about the streets of San Jacinto and Hemet "viewing the walls that were broken down."

My first California pastorate was at San Jacinto. It began twenty-nine years ago today. We were there three years. Not a long pastorate, but long enough to form strong friendships that have held through all the lights and shadows of more than a quarter of a century. The "little brick church" grew strongly into our lives, for there our first California group of kingdom lovers gathered for worship and instruction, for fellowship and service.

My thought turns toward a company of rare young people who were with us in those days. Our "reader" was "Aura Henry." No program was completed if "Aura" were not "down for a reading." Where is she now? Mills College has a President who is known all up and down the Pacific Coast and away beyond as "Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt;" but that is too big a mouthful for the little brick church folks of a quarter century ago. To us she will always be just about what she is to her mother and father—just "Aura." And her sister "Eva!" Not many small churches have such a helper as was "Eva Henry," with her talent for music; and during the years that have been coming and going hers has not been a buried talent.

That class of boys in the Sunday school the teacher of which was "the minister's wife—where are they? "Tom" is Superintendent of City Schools in a Northern California town; "Jim" is a doctor up somewhere in Washington or Oregon; "Fred is a doctor, too, just now in the Medical Service "somewhere in France."

These and many other young folks and their elders seemed to come back and group themselves about us as we stood for a few moments outside the little brick church the other day, hesitating as if to fortify ourselves before going to the door to look inside upon the sight that we had been told would there meet our eyes. Somewhere in East Oakland lives a motherly little woman who used to come down the pathway yonder on Sunday mornings radiating sunshine with every step, her cheery greetings given in cultured accents. "A first cousin of Dr. J. G. Holland, the author of 'Bitter Sweet,'" we used to say in an "aside" to out-of-town friends after an introduction. "Her maiden name was Holland." Southern California's youngest Congregational minister, born just after the San Jacinto pastorate had closed, today writes his given name "Holland," because when he came along his mother and the Sunshine Lady had become friends so intimate that no other name was quite good enough for the new baby.

What a trim little interior we thought our church presented in those days—especially after the neatly-draped box that served for a pulpit had given place to a "really-truly" pulpit, with accompanying chairs that bore the genuine church stamp of high-backed stateliness. All these years there has been little change in that interior. Week after week congregations have been coming and going, a few of the families who were among the first on the ground still remaining; but for the most part the people who in recent years have called the little brick church **their** church are comparative new-comers.

They will never assemble in the little brick church again—not as it has been all these years. The earthquake tore down one sidewall and wrenched and twisted and cracked the building most unmercifully. The assembly chairs, the piano, the "pulpit set" (of which we were so proud in the old days!)—all the inside furnishing is so broken and battered by falling bricks and plaster that even if some of it may not be beyond repair it will never again be what it has been. The little brick church is practically a ruin, building and furnishing sharing a common fate.

"Will it be rebuilt " The daze of the disaster was still too great for our San Jacinto people to give an assuring answer to that question the day we were there. They were busy, too, propping up their houses that had been twisted and torn, and not a few of these dwellings almost or quite bereft of their foundations by the mighty upheaval.

We stopped to inquire concerning one who, ever since it was built, has carried on her heart the interests that center in the little brick church. At the age of ninety-three she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow.

"Mother is likely to pass away any moment," we were told. "She has been unconscious for hours, she was in that state yesterday when the awful shock came. She has known nothing whatever about it, and for that we are very glad. Our church has been so dear to her for so many years, it is comforting to us that she will never know that it has been destroyed. But—we cannot go there now for the service before she is laid away, and we cannot have

it here at the house, for see!"—pointing to the bulging, unsafe foundations. "We shall go out to the cemetery and hold a quiet little srvice there—it is all that we can do."

Around on the other side of the house the aged "mother fo the Church" lay dying; we found the pastor hard at work with the men of the family to place supports against the house to keep it from falling. It was here that we were entertained during the first month of our service in Southern California, twenty-nine years ago.

Passing through San Jacinto's "Old Town" we came upon a two story brick dwelling from which one entire side wall had fallen, leaving the rooms upstairs and down exposed to view with tables, chairs, beds and other furnishings apparently in place. On all sides of the house were evidences of the destructive force of the earthquake. This was an historic home. Here Mrs. Jackson gathered not a little material for her book from Mrs. Jordan, who figures in the story as the quaint and resourceful "Aunt Ri."

Pomona, California, May 1, 1918.

IS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE?

By Jonathan Edwards.

The present world catastrophe disturbs many good people, and tends to undermine their faith. It is well that all of us should be serious; it is a time to think profoundly, to feel deeply and to really live and not merely exist. We are compelled to endeavor to reconcile the present crisis with christian ideals.

It is not surprising that many people are made cynical, and become dubious of social possibilities as well as sceptical as to the effectiveness of Christianity. Some seriously and others flippantly intimate that Christianity is a failure, because it has not made this war impossible. I do not consider their position logical or plausible. It is that christianity, as it has been understood and practiced in the world, has failed to prevent this world-war. But the great reason is, because Christianity has not been understood and really tried. There are certain agencies recognized as having contributed to the promotion of human welfare; we depend upon them for the improvement of the world. But they have failed to prevent this war. Shall we pronounce them all as failures?

In this list are education, fraternal organizations, international socialism and international law. War is as foolish as it is wicked, as unprofitable as it is irrational. Education has promised, and aims to make the world too intelligent to fight; commerce has promised to bind the nations in economic unity and make war unprofitable; the best brain statesmanship can supply has made covenants between nations to make the world a more fraternal place. They have all failed to prevent the present cataclysm because they have not been given a fair chance. Their principles have been ignored and treated as a scrap of paper.

It is a thing to be thankful for, an encouraging omen presaging great things in the near future, that Christianity is pronounced a failure in the face of the present crisis. It evidences a better understanding of christianity, a new conception of its mission and a new conviction on the part of many as to what to expect from it.

The accusation that christianity is a failure is not a cause for dismay, but a challenge to bring practical christianity up to the ideal. Nothing could be more encouraging than that the world should be aroused by the incongruity of war and christianity. This war is the struggle upward toward the ideal, and is an assurance that the time is soon coming when war shall be no more.

Thank God, the issue has been drawn and we know what the result will be. Christian conviction has declared that christianity and war cannot live together. The stronger must win, which is the Gospel, the dynamo of God.

We do not want to cherish any unreasonable optimism, or, minify the seriousness of passing events; the catastrophe is appalling and paralyzing, but they are the mighty and victorious struggle for universal peace. All is a challenge to the best there is in us. No time for dismay but for renewed action and consecration. No time to predict the end of the age, when all indicate that we are in the midst of the travail of the new birth of humanity.

It is a time when it is a shame to be idle, a disgrace to be selfish and ungenerous, unpardonable not to be loyal and self-sacrificing, and unchristian not to be sure that righteousness will not long be delayed.

Spokane, Wash.

OTHER SHEEP.

A religious census at Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky showed denominational attachments as follows:

Methodist	4,861	International Bible Association	8
Catholic	4,112	Agnostic	7
Baptist	3,783	Evangelist	8
Christian	2,757	Swedenborgian	6
Presbyterian	1,815	Carmelite	5
Lutheran	899	Union Church	5
No Belief (antecedents unknown)	761	Christian Union	4
Unaccounted for	582	German Zion	4
Episcopalians	414	Moravian	3
United Brethren	357	Nazarene	3
Protestant	283	Pentecost	3
Jewish	172	Saint	3
Evangelical	161	Christian Brethren	2
Congregational	137	German Protestant	2
Quaker	98	Mission	2
Christian Science	96	Reformed Jewis	2
Unitarians	71	All Saints	1
Reformed	50	Andodite	1
Holiness	49	Apostolic	1
Universalist	26	Asso. Bible Schools	1
Mennonite	22	Chris. New Light	1
Dunkard	21	German Church	1
Church of the Brethren	18	New Thought	1
Seventh Day Advententist	16	Overton	1
Orthodox	15	Pruvoslayne	1
Church of God	14	Rumanian Latin	1
Greek Orthodox	12	St. Paul	1
General Orthodox	11	Salvation Army	1
Progressive	11	Spiritualist	1
Latter Day Saints	10	Zion Evangelist	1
Mohammedan	9	Holy Bible	1
Freethinkers	8	Holy Roller	1
		New Light	1

Total Population. 21,739

The Northwestern Christian Advocates comments thus on these statistics.

"The relative population of the different denominations of Camp Zachary Taylor is a secondary consideration. Why we print the interminable list is to visualize once again the fact that religious sentiment is a thing susceptible of marked differentiation. Eliminate the Roman Catholic Church and possibly a dozen groups of questionable classification there still remain considerably over half a hundred Christian groups, all gathered into one great camp, where, for the time being, the petty distinctions that formerly held

them apart are entirely forgotten. In the presence of the great issue before them the trivial matter of creed shrivels into unconcern. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jew mingled freely and doubtless look upon each other with considerably larger charity than formerly.

"Indeed, these boys have already let slip considerable of the denominational zeal that was theirs in the past; and were it not for the cultivation from their denominational fathers back home, it would be lost altogether and flow into a great, spiritual merger yet unnamed but assuredly awaiting us all in the larger to-morrow. As our eyes run down the list, the heart is made sick. If its reproduction can result in starting serious questionings that formulate themselves in 'Why this waste?' it will be space well used."

VISITING THE WAR CAMPS.

It's a great experience this, visiting our boys in camp and fort. And I assure you it is a moving sight to see those fine lads! When my father joined the colors in the early sixties, the song was "We are Coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong," and it was to decide for this country that the government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish. But now! It is three times three hundred thousand, and then many thousands more who have answered, and will yet answer the call to the colors to decide that question for our generation, and not for this continent only, but to help settle it for the WORLD! For camp and deck and trench they have left fireside and furnace, hearthstone and bench, cosey-nook and counter. Lads who were just starting school in 1898 are wearing officer's shoulder straps, and many of them will soon be carrying the burden of the strain in the forward trenches "out there."

And so they are slipping out of our homes and villages and cities, gravely smiling their farewells and making their sturdy promises to parents and friends that they will be true. I have seen these lads in camp by the score of thousands, and I know their promise will be kept. A fine upstanding bunch of men they are, and, HOME-FOLKS, you can be proud of them.

Multiplied thousands of them more nearly ready for the trenches are quietly slipping overseas in the great grey transports, daring the gnawing of the grey "water-rat" of the lower regions, going through the troubled waters to that other land of "Somewhere Over There."

I have visited now ten different camps or forts, including two Divisional Cantonments. Looking back now in memory, after having had time to arrange and classify impressions, these things stand out: Each camp and "Y" unit in that camp has its outstanding problem; each group of devoted "Y" secretaries is putting on a schedule of self-sacrificing service for the boys. Which is the most important? They ALL are! Each has its outstanding problems, each its possibilities, and every last one is making good. I talked with the Secretaries in the various camps, and at every camp, or "Y" unit in that camp, each man was dead sure he had the best bunch of men to deal with that could be found on the Coast! Sure—why not, since in each camp will be found our own home boys? Naturally they are the best wherever you find them. I didn't get out to Kearny much, for I found that my work was with the camps in and around San Diego. I did get to Kearny, however, and found some of the men I used to know. But I was unfortunate in the time of my visit. The 80th had just returned from their ten days' hike; on this trip they had lost three "Liberty" days. I hit camp on "Liberty" day, and every one who was not on guard or detail was off for San Diego! So several of the boys I failed to see. Kearny is not as pretty as to location as is Camp Fremont, but it has, I suppose, the largest and best parade and drill ground on the coast. Wide and level, and a couple of miles long. Plenty large enough for a full division at once, which Fremont lacks.

Again I want to assure you that the boys have plenty to eat. One dinner they had five and one-fourth miles of "wennies." I ate four, the men next me ate six, seven and eight. So figure it for yourselves, say five wennies each for 35,000 men, what does it amount to? I didn't figure it up, but took their word that they ate five and one-fourth miles that meal.

But the farewells just as the boys are transferred for the front! One lad got word that he must entrain the next morning; no time to go home to another state. So he got a pocketfull of quarters, put in a call for "Home," then fed that 'phone with one hundred 25 cent pieces. But as he said, "It was well worth $25 to hear Mother's voice before I left." One afternoon at the Harbor Patrol, I saw a sailor lad sit on the bench, an arm around his mother, two girls on the other side of him, they sat there hardly a word or movement for a long time. That evening he was on his way East. It would do all you Mothers good to see Mrs. Holabaugh, our "Y" treasurer at the Navy Training Station. She knows all the boys by name, takes care of their money, knows their little homey secrets, and when they entrain for "somewhere," she is there at train or boat and bids each lad good-bye for the home-folks. Her influence with them is very great.

Many stories I could tell, and have told in my public reports, but may I close this account with a letter written by a lad to his "Y" Secretary? He had been seriously gassed as well as wounded, and for a long time it was feared he could never recover. Take his last sentence, you dear home-folks, as showing the spirit YOUR boy will show. This lad says: "I am improving slowly but surely. I can't think spelling or arithmetic very much but these things are better than three months ago. I am writing with my left hand. The right is still paralyzed. My right leg is also improving. But I don't worry if my arm and leg are not completely cured. I want my brain to be all right. (and here it is folks) I AM KEEPING SMILING ALL THE TIME." Isn't that great? Sick, most dangerously wounded, permanent recovery problematical, but "I KEEP SMILING ALL THE TIME!" That's the spirit of England and France. And that's the spirit of America. Such men simply don't know, and can't know when they are conquered. That word is not in their dictionary. Our boys in the camps are now MEN! God bless them.

PARSON GEORGE.

WHAT A RELIGIOUS CENSUS AT CAMP LEWIS, WASHINGTON, DISCLOSED.

The Rev. William Park, of Tacoma, writes in the Pacific Christian Advocate:

The occasion of the taking of the census was an order from Washington. Just why a distinctively religious consus is desired we do not know, but the religious affiliation of the camp is a great surprise in many respects. For instance, the Roman Catholics have been claiming forty per cent of the inhabitants of the cantonment, and we Methodists have only been claiming about sixteen hundred men, when in reality we have more than three times that number. One would expect to find more positive unbelief than the census reveals. There are not as many atheists or infidels among the thirty-one thousand men as we expected to find. The percentage of such is exceedingly small. Let me give you a digest of the census.

Out of the total of thirty-one thousand three hundredand five men, in Camp Lewis at the present time, who filed in the religious census blank, four thousand nine hundred and eighty-one (4,981) expressed their preference for the Methodist Church. There are nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven (19,757) Protestants; seven thousand three hundred and ninety (7,390) Roman Catholics; one thousand five hundred and forty-two (1,542) men who are members of the miscellaneous sects, and two thousand six hundred and sixteen (2,616) who expressed themselves as having no religious affiliation. There are but one hundred and fifty-five (155) Atheists, three (3) Infidels, two (2) Panthiests, one (1) Fatalist, one (1) Free Thinker, one (1) Indian Shaker, five (5) New Thought, seventeen (17) Theosophists, six (6) Agnostics, and nine (9) Buddhists.

The census revealed the fact that there are more than one hundred different denominational beliefs among the men. It would be interesting to know into how many divisions and subdivisions these one hundred deominations would be divided if the individual beliefs of the men could be analyzed and classified. Or will there not be fewer differences as the men come to know each other better? The interesting and significant thing about this polyglot and polychrome assemblage of religions is that a man's profession, or dogma, is not given much consideration, but his life and practice counts tremendously.

The same thing prevails in the army camp that obtains in civil life. The off-color sects are busy spreading their poison—they call it truth—among the men. The Mormons, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Christian Scientists, and such like, are spreading their literature.

To serve these more than thirty thousand men there are nine army chaplains—five Roman Catholic and four Protestant, three or four Knights of Columbus secretaries, about forty Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and six Protestant denominational workers, or volunteer chaplains.

The figures in reference to the religious affiliations of the men, I am sure, are misleading. For instance, only 2,616 expressed themselves as having no religious connection. If we conclude that there are only 2,616 "raw sinners" in the camp, and that this number constitutes the material upon which the religious worker must concentrate his energies, we make a great mistake. I am quite sure that among the nearly five thousand who signed for the Methodist Church there are those who "only lean toward" the Methodists, or who perhaps are only "members of the meetin' house," who have never taken a definite stand for Christ. At least I have found such. What is true of the Methodists, I am quite sure is also true of all the other denominations. On the other hand, there are as consecrated Christians in Camp as can be found anywhere in the world. There are men in the ranks, and among the officers, who were preachers of the Gospel before being called to the colors. There are others who intended to begin preaching last fall. but they have answered their country's call and will help preach the doctrine of democracy for the world. Let me tell you of one young man—a private in the ranks—who made his plans to enter the ministry last fall. Not long ago he told me that he made it a practice to talk definitely with someone about spiritual things every day, and he is doing it. You ask, "How do the men receive it?" and "in what regard is the young man held in his company?" This incident will answer the question. At Christmas time there was a spread in the company dining room, at which the officers of the company were present. Private C——, was seated at the officers table and requested to ask the "blessing" upon the food. An unusual distinction for a private.

A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH VISITOR.

Sir George Adam Smith, the eminent Scotch Theologian, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University —the man who has made the Old Testament live—is in the United States as one of the speakers in the Campaign on the Moral Aims of the War. He will be in California about the middle of June.

Two of his sons have died on the field of battle and a third is in service now.

We make use here of an article in the Boston Transcript concerning him. The writer says:

It would be invidious to compare the results achieved during the past few months by various distinguished British visitors to our shores. Each of them has left a deep impression of the sense of duty and the determination to fight on, which has animated Britain since she entered the war. But none of her leading men has had greater success in presenting "England's case," or in expounding on a very high plane of thought, the effect of the war on English life and character, than the principal of Aberdeen University. This success has been due to the peculiar qualities of the man. He is the very embodiment of earnestness. The dignity and tremendousness of his mission are first in his thought. He is a seeker after truth—a teller of the truth. He wants America to know the facts—as he himself has seen them. He has been in America before, understands the American character, appreciates what it has meant to the world for America to enter the war, and desires to express the gratitude of his country for America's declaration for humanity. And he does it all in such a human, modest way—so full of fine-mindedness when touching upon the higher aspects of it, and so full of passion when he touches upon the darker side of it—that, whenever he has spoken, he has left behind a great personal triumph and a labor well performed for the allied cause. A listener in Washington remarked the other day that of all the speakers who had come over, this man had left the deepest mark upon his hearers. When asked to give the reason why, came the answer: "I don't know. perhaps it is because he feels so sincerely the great wrong that has been done, and is able to make his hearers feel the wrong. If not that, then it is because he has suffered, yet holds his own sufferings lightly when compared with the agonies of those more greatly oppressed."

As is generally known, Sir George Adam Smith is making his American trip under the auspices of the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War, with the official sanction of the Department of Public Information of the British Foreign Office. What he is trying to do may be told in his own words. "I come," he says, "to tell of the efforts of the British Commonwealth on many fronts of battle, and also to explain why we are in the war and what we stand for! in a word, to assure you that we, of Great Britain, are heart and soul with you on the moral aims common to all the Allies. . ."

"For nearly four years," he adds, "we have lived and suffered under the full agony of war. I wish I could give you the eyes to see what I have seen of the effects of the war in France. No man can have seen this but the passion for peace must be thereafter the prevailing passion of his heart. But there is a false as well as a true pacifism. It seems to me that this false pacifism rests upon the fallacy of confusing mere political peace with the peace of our Lord's promise to his disciples. Our Lord never pledged us political peace, nor is the prevalence of war during these nineteen centuries any proof that his promises have been broken or that his Gospel has failed. On the contrary he not only assumed but prophesied that war would

come, and the peace which he promised to the hearts of his own people was a peace which would prevail in spite of these tribulations."

"I cannot say," continues Sir George, "that Christ condemned all war between nations any more than that he denounced the forcible execution of justice within the nation itself. I cannot believe that he who bade his disciple render to Caesar the things that Caesar's by the payment of a just and necessary tax would restrain from serving the State with their lives in defence of its freedom or the call of righteousness."

The above pronouncement on a subject greatly discussed since the war began—the subject of Christianity in its relation to the war—was made on the speaker's arrival in New York a few weeks ago. It met with considerable attention and, as quoted here, may help towards an understanding of the impression which Sir George has been making on the great crowds that have listened to him. "To quote Christ's example," he says, "as of one who did no violence is beside the argument. To say to Christians that they ought not to be soldiers because it i simpossible to conceive of their Master, if on earth today, as bearing arms, is just as true and just as irrelevant as to say that he would not have been a statesman or a judge or an active guardian of civil order, offices which, notwithstanding, no one doubts that Christians may accept and which they ought to accept, if God granted them the strength and talents for such vocations. Nay, more, it is true that a battle for justice for others and for the redemption of the oppressed may sometimes be the one obvious line along which they are called to obey both his word and his example by taking up their cross. To quote from Dale of Birmingham—I believe in peace, true peace, at any price, in peace even at the price of war. It is for such a peace, based upon righteousness, upon freedom, honorable and stable, that we Allies are fighting."

A man who talks like this, passionless and profound, with a learning that breathes in each word and possessing a long-range view of the centuries, is a man that counts. Of course, some Americans have known the truth of this in the past. Our visitor, in the many theologiacl lectures which he has delivered in years gone by at our colleges, has proved his powers. His reputation as an expositor and teacher of spiritual things has always been very great among the church and educational public. It has been left to Americans during Sir George's present visit to learn in the broadest way of the man's abilities. And, in passing, it can be said that one of these abilities is adaptability. He knows how to answer the question which the average man is thinking. He knows how to touch the heart. He is no pedant, no dry-as-dust professor, no creed-shackled dominie. He is always ready with a good story where it fits in with his lesson. And he talks straight all the time. No one, however much one might get mixed up over the meaning of an exaggerated sentence, could misunderstand him when he describes German vandalism in France, the glories of French sacrifice, a scene in a French hospital or the death of a beloved "Tommy." When Sir George touches on something he has witnessed with his own eyes, those wonderful blue eyes sparkle with fire, his body thrills with emotion and his grand Scotch head towers with the wrath of outraged righteousness.

Lest this little picture of the man should lead readers to think that Sir George is a Berserk with a lifted bludgeon, let me hasten to say that he is not a giant (except in intellect) and that he needs no weapon of attack, further than his own crystalline and finely phrased sentences. Less than six feet tall, thin, wiry, and energetic, his effects are gained by plainness and directness of speech. When he gets a little excited, some sudden turn of phrase tells you at once of his Scotch ancestry. When, for instance he came to New York and was asked if the Allied line would hold, he replied "Yes, I believe we can hold, and will hold, until the United States can come up." Then with a shake of his gray head, he added, "Oh, God, we must!" In that unexpected beseechment, and the way the man made it, was exhibited the spirit of the Covenanter.

Sir George occasionally appears before his audience in khaki. Like many other ministers, he is a chaplain in the army and holds the rank of Chaplain First Class in the Territorial Forces. That explains the khaki, which, notwithstanding the wearer's gray hairs and his sixty-two years of clerical life, suits him amazingly well. As one looks at him, one rarely realizes that inside the uniform stands an eminent divine, a man of letters and perhaps the ablest biblical expositor of the present time. Yet all this is true. As was said to me recently by a man brought up under modern biblical teaching, "I could not believe when I saw Sir George in khaki, that there was the man who had made the Old Testment alive for me, and the Old prophets big human beings." My friend referred, of course to the many books which Sir George has written, particularly "The Book of Isaiah" and "The Twelve Prophets."

The fighting spirit of this fine old Scotsman is dominant in such a passage as the following: "The mailed fist," he says, "has been too heavily mailed for the fingers to feel the pulse of the rest of the world. In my study I sometimes think that before seeing the condition of Belgium spread over the rest of the world by that bloodthirsty Power across the sea, I would rather see the entire world consumed by fire so that nothing but a crisp remained."

Continually, in his addresses, Sir George reverts to two subjects in which he appears to be mainly interested—the way in which war has affected our ideas of God and the spiritualization of the nation through suffering. "War," he says, "will rebuke the somewhat easy views of God which were entertained before the war. We had been thinking of Him only as a God of peace and love. We had neglected the righteousness of God and His judgments. Now, at last, our eyes are opened and we are fighting for justice against the doctrine that might is right. The moral tone of England is higher than it has ever been. The whole nation is on a higher spiritual plane, ready to sacrifice anything that in the end good may prevail."

"France," he adds, "has offered sacrifices even greater than those of Britain, I verily believe, with a courage and a unity of purpose (it is hard to remember her now as she was before the war—a nation divided in her political aims) as conspicuous as, if not more conspicuous than, those of any other nation. And oh! how France has suffered! Ypres, awful in its devastation—wanton devastation—is a sight I can never forget."

The other day, in Kansas City, Sir George was asked his opinion of the German offensive. "Yes, it is bad," he replied. "But it took England twenty-two years to overthrow Napoleon, and we shall stay on the job, if necessary, twice that time, to overcome another autocrat. Now is the time for all good Christians to carry the sword as well as the cross. Today's call is one to battle, for justice for others, and the redemption of the oppressed."

It is Sir George's belief that if Germany had only waited twenty years longer she might have been dangerously able to rule the world. "She was entrenching herself well," he says, "and the world was blind. But she was too anxious. She made a mistake in her estimate of every nation. She thought Belgium wouldn't fight. She thought France was decadent. She thought England was lacking in moral fibre. She thought America was asleep in coward-

ly materialism, and offered her insults until the blood boiled in the veins of Englishmen who knew the real spirit of America."

Our honored visitor brings with him as secretary his daughter Mary, a winsome "lassie," who graduated from her father's university at Aberdeen, and who, like the practical body she is, has recently taken up the study of forestry. Miss Smith is one of Britain's educated women, who in the stress of the time has not been ashamed to engage in manual labor. When her present duties are over, she will return to her chosen trade—with the good wishes of all who have met her during her American trip.

A NOTABLE ASSEMBLY IN THE FAR EAST.

It has been often, and truly, said that the church abroad leads in many distinct lines, and is a constant and whole some stimulant to the work of the home churches. The immensity of the task as it begins to be comprehended. stirs the study of new measures for "Speeding up," and missionaries are led to such examination and criticism of old methods as the government is now using, in its endeavor to meet the extraordinary demands of a world war. Nothing has become more evident in the assault of Christianity upon the strongholds of Unbelief, than that bringing together of all its forces in united planning and united action is imperative.

In the first years of approach all was experimental. Each denomination, indeed it might almost be said each individual missionary, had to make a pioneer way, knowing little of the territory which he desired to reach, and still less of the methods best adopted to its conquest. One thing he knew, The Imperial truth had sent him forth, that "The Gospel is the power of God unto Salvation to every one who believeth." But how to bring it most effectively to the ignorant, the self-satisfied, the haughty, the intensely antagonistic, he had yet to learn. A second truth was as clear to him as the first. Only individual self giving, the willingness to "become all things to all men," to try any method however humble which would so show the spirit of Christ as to win by that magic of love, held any hope of success. With these two mighty convictions leaders whose names we all honor, lived, wrought and died, having blazed the way for those who were to follow them, others a far greater number, carried forward that which they had begun and prepared in widely separated fields. Highways for the modern missionary movement.

The rallying cry of that enterprise is not individualism but united action. In every great field there are those whose hearts burn within them at the vision which they see more and more clearly of churches of Christ known only by His name, in lands as yet almost Christless; directed and led by those of their own people; receiving sympathetic counsel, but never again authoritative decisions from those from foreign lands, who have been the leaders of the growing Christian communities.

No such change can come without grave problems arising. That these may be wisely solved, the earnest men and women of all Christian names are meeting in the lands of the East. Missionary leaders and the strongest and most trustworthy of the native brethren, to counsel together, to plan and advise.

One of the greatest privileges of my recent trip to the Orient was the opportunity to be present at one such gathering in China and to attend a few days in attending the sessions of the China Continuation Committee at Hangchow.

Here was a company of men and women representing every denomination of Protestant Christians, from America and Europe which has missionary work in that land; Chinese brethren from these churches and also from them, as yet few, independent ones, known by no foreign name. Between fifty and sixty of such leaders considered for a week the questions which are today most pressing, in their various fields in the provinces of China. This was not a legislative body but an Advisory and particularly an investigating oe. It passed no "Resolutions," but reported "Findings."

It was a rare opportunity to see and hear from the men and women, who more than almost any others, are putting their stamp upon the type of Christianity which is to be developed in the New China. They were entertained and held their sessions in a Sanitarium. A place of rest and recuperation for convalescents and invalids connected with the group of Hospitals in the charge of Dr. Duncan Main of the English Church Mission. The site is one of the most beautiful in the beautiful Lake Region, far famed for its loveliness, the theme of poets and painters of Far Cathay for generations, and the noted pleasure resort of all the country round about.

But one could hardly take time to note the natural beauty for every hour was crowded with the great interests of the Kingdom of God, discussed by men whose lives were pecularily consecrated to its sevice, and who had so commended themselves by their wisdom or their achievements that they had been selected from their own missions as its representatives. All discussions, papers and addressess were given in both Chinese and English. Not the least of the intellectual pleasures was the hearing the translations given by the interpreters from one language to the other. The Chinese who interpreted for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the Western tongue were gifted men who made the assembly realize how flexible and fine a medium for keen analysis, profound thought as well as for brilliant repartee and picturesque description, the Mandarin dialect or language is.

Deeper and more lasting than any other impression was this. That such leaders as were there assembled had been taught of God. The devotional hours were solemn and tender. The regard each to the judgment and standpoint of the other was such as only those who have learned something of the "Meekness of wisdom" can exhibit. The absence of sharpness or asperity of manner in discussion where difference of opinion was distinct and positive was noticeable and suggested that there was in the minds of the speakers the ever present remembrance that the standards of the churches of the future will be definitely influenced by what these leaders see, hear and carry back from this representative assembly. I came from each session with larger faith in the native church and more grateful recognition of the fact that its foundation had been laid upon that "which cannot be moved" and on which is now building a Spiritual Temple which already brings honor to Him who is its "Chief corner stone."

MARY H. PORTER.

We may not be able to do as we would like to do. We may not even be able to do as well as our neighbor does. But we are able to do as well as we can do. God, who sees us as we are, and understands our lack of power and our desire for more power than we have, will judge us according to our doing within our limits of power and in our circumstances. Have we done in all things to-day as well as we could do in view of our ability and circumstances, and of our understanding of duty? Are we doing out best just now? We ought to be.

WARTIME LOYALTY.

By E. Guy Talbot..

Wisconsin has recently passed through a "loyalty" political campaign. The results of this election may be variously interpreted. For example, the large Socialist vote is generally considered the "disloyal" vote. The Socialists however, interpret this abnormally large vote of theirs as expressing loyalty to the Socialist program of internationalism. Doubtless both interpretations are correct.

But what of the Republican and Democratic votes? Administration leaders, some of them, hinted that a vote against the democratic candidate was not only a vote against the administration, but a vote against the government; hence a disloyal vote. If this interpretation of the vote is correct, then the loyalists in the Badger State are hopelessly in the minority.

The Republicans interpret their large vote as indicating loyalty to the government but disloyalty to the democratic administration in the prosecution of the war. Their vote is more loyal, they claim, than the democratic vote. Might not the large republican vote be more correctly interpreted as loyalty to the Republican Party?

The thesis of this article is that War accentuates loyalty, whether to the nation, or to church or to other class conscious groups. The history of European nations since the world war began bears out this statement. So does the history of the United States during the year since we entered the war.

The writer of this article has travelled more than 70,000 miles over the entire United States since we entered the war, and as a social student has studied the mind of America at war. He has visited more than thirty great army camps; visited all the large industrial centers; all the great cities; has addressed church conferences in more than a hundred cities. He has found intense loyalty everywhere. Old loyalties are intensified tenfold.

America has experienced a rebirth of patriotism—loyalty to the nation and its ideals and traditions. Except in some out of the way places and in a few scattered sections, intense patriotism is everywhere in evidence. This loyalty is not manifested simply by a display of flags and shouting national shibboleths. It shows itself in the three great Liberty Loan subscriptions, aggregating many billions; the $100,000,000 Red Cross contribution; the $53,000,000 to the Y. M. C. A., and in numerous lesser financial expressions. This loyalty is manifest by cheerful acceptance in every quarter of the wartime curtailment of traditional, individual liberties and privileges.

Private property worth billions has been commandeered by the government, without complaint. Food and fuel restrictions are obeyed without question. More than all these things, the willing sacrifice of the nation's young men on the altar of war is the supreme expression of our national loyalty. There were no draft riots, and there has been no slacker spirit on the part of the young men called to the colors.

Any sacrifice the American people are called on to make they will cheerfully make for the sake of their country. Never did Americans love their country so much as they do now. And never were the people of any country more unanimous in their loyalty to their government in the prosecution of a war than the people of America are at this hour.

But the war has done more than regenerate and unify national loyalty; it has accentuated all forms of class loyalty within the country. This is true especially of those institutions or organizations vitally concerned in the prosecution of the war.

Every nation depends for its very existence on its wage workers and this is especially true in war time. There has been much said in the public press about the loyalty of "labor," in this crisis especially organized labor. A certain well known labor leader has received great publicity and much popularity as the spokesman of loyalty among the workers. But the loyalty of the labor group to its own group was never so strong as today. The labor organizations are today so strong that they could paralyze all industry for their own ends. This increased solidarity of the labor movement is one of the quickened loyalties developed by war. It will not be less alive when the war is over. The workers are learning that working class loyalty will enable them to secure by economic pressure almost anything they want at the hands of the government. Working class loyalty will make economic pressure more potent than military force.

But in spite of the loyalty of the masses of workers to the nation, the most vital war industries have been seriously hampered by certain labor groups putting class loyalty ahead of national loyalty. This is notoriously true of the shipping industry.

Everyone agrees that the duration of the war depends absolutely on American ship production. Getting our army to the battle front depends on adequate bottoms, so does its provisioning, once the army is there. So also does the great question of feeding and munitioning our Allies. If there is any industry in America that would seem to demand sacrificial loyalty, it is in the production of ships.

But have American workers in ship building plants proved themselves loyal? They have not! They could not have hampered our war program more effectively than they have done, had they been in the employ of Berlin. Why are we so far behind our schedule in producing ships? Because of the selfishness of ship operatives and the fact that they have put class loyalty ahead of national loyalty. Thousands of them have been out on strike for weeks at a time, when time was vital and ships most necessary.

These men were already receiving high wages; few got less than five dollars a day; many received twice that much. They took advantage of a serious situation to press selfish, personal and class ends. Perhaps they saw that shipyards were reaping a big harvest of gold at the expense of national and world necessity, and but followed the example of disloyalty set by some employers. The fact remains that group loyalty has absolutely submerged national loyalty in the production of ships, the most vital phase of our participation in the war.

Then this group loyalty is manifesting itself in the religious life of the nation. For years the Y. M. C. A. has had an Army and Navy Department and has conducted work among the soldiers and sailors of our country. Wherever the uniform has gone the red triangle of the Association went.

But when the United States entered the world war the Catholic people developed a church loyalty that made it necessary for the Knights of Columbus to inaugurate a drive for funds with which to conduct a work along the same lines as the Y. M. C. A. Both organizations claiming to minister to the religious, intellectual, social and recreational needs of the enlisted men, regardless of creed or church affiliation.

Then the Young Men's Hebrew Association established similar work. Then the Salavation Army started on a million dollar drive for their huts. And most of the Protestant denominations have put over drives for some aggregating millions with which to conduct religious work among the soldiers.

Are all these different welfare movements necessary? No sane man believes they are. Why, then, do they all exist? They are simply expressions of group loyalty which has been given a new impetus by the war. Sometimes this group loyalty is exceedingly narrow and pernicious. In some cases the abnormal spirit of sacrifice and generosity has been taken advantage of by church leaders to secure large endowments for this or that institution, or to make "drives" for millions for enterprises that are wholly sectarian and have no vital connection with the war.

But in spite of some of these class loyalties developing at the expense of national loyalty, the fact remains that the war has in a very remarkable way drawn the people of this country together. "E pluribus Unum" more clearly defines the American people today than at any time in our history. We are one.

There is a larger loyalty developing among the people as they come to undestand more clearly the real issues of the war. "The world must be made safe for democracy," is a high phrase that will live and characterize this war for ages to come. But it is not a phrase that the people grasped at first. They are coming to know the real meaning of democracy. And as democracy is interpreted in the terms of humanity, the people of the United States are rapidly developing a loyalty to the ideal of world democracy, the freedom of humanity. This higher loyalty to a great ideal will prove to be the greatest asset of the war. The great task for church and press and the government is to foster this loyalty to the great moral aims of the war. A new world order, a new civilization, a free humanity, a league of nations following the war to enforce justice and peace; these are the great aims of the war. And loyalty to these ideals will nerve the people for colossal sacrifices.

AN AUTOMOBILE THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

By Charles L. Kloss, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

No. I'm not a Ford. I'm a big, red auto, and if I had my way, every car would be red. It's such an inviting color, and, when I speed up, and go through the country like a streak, there is nothing sombre about me. An auto should suggest the power and joyous abandon of life, anyway. I'm a high-powered car, of classy model, and paid for without a mortgage, and what's more, I go to church regularly, as every decent, self-respecting car should.

I didn't always go, but I've reformed. When my owner first got me, he could hardly wait until Sunday came. He was up at six, tuning me up, and getting ready for a run in the country, for fishing, golf, or a picnic. He generally invited some other church members, and I'm not saying it did them much harm; yet the day's pleasure always ended with a question mark—was that really the best use to which I could be put on the best day of the week?

Coming home one Sunday from a fishing trip, I was caught in a rainstorm, without chains. I skidded on the country road (I didn't mean to), and slipped over a bank, and pitched the whole party out. Fortunately, none was hurt, but my owner was badly shaken. He was quite sober, and his only remark on the way home was, "thankful I didn't break my fool neck."

Next Sunday he surprised me by going to church. The service must have gripped him, for I heard him say to the Missus: "We've missed a whole lot recently, haven't we?"

Now, every Sunday I go to church loaded, picking up tired women and children, taking old people home from service, and shut-ins out for a ride in the afternoon, if the weather is pleasant.

I am having the time of my life, and have begun to believe that even an auto can have "a conscience void of offense toward God and men."

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The coming summer sessions of the Federate School of Missions to be held at Mount Hermon in the Santa Cruz Mountains, July 6-13, promise to be very interesting. Our brilliant text book teacher, Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, has been chosen by the treasury department of the United States to be the third "man" in a team visiting 40 cities in 9 States to speak for the Third Liberty Loan. One of the others in this team of three was John Burke, the Treasurer of the United States. When our text book leader Mrs. Hill, is considered a brilliant enough speaker to be heard on the same platform as the Treasurer of the United States, it is surely worth while for Congregationalists to journey to Mount Hermon this summer to see what manner of women this is to be thus commanded by our government. We who have heard Mrs. Hill in her two previous years at Mount Hermon know that she will come to us full of enthusiastic and accurate information. The two books that Mrs. Hill will teach this year at Mount Hermon will be "The Path of Labor" and "Working Women of the Orient" the latter being by Margaret Burton.

The daily Bible Study time at Mount Hermon will be conducted by Dr. William H. Oxtoby, a fact that makes us sure of a good period each morning immediately following Mrs. Hill's presentation of one of the books. At 2 p. m. each day beginning Monday July 8, Mrs. Paul Raymond will conduct a normal class in the study books. Each evening there will be an illustrated address the stereopticon being used. On Thursday, July 11, at 3 p. m. occur the denominational rallies. Let all Congregatioalists "rally" to the joy of our beloved president of Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions, Mrs. O. W. Lucas, under whose wise leadership we expect to have a most inspiring School of Missions this summer. Don't forget the dates, July 6-13.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
President-Secretary Mount Hermon Federate School.

THE ANGELUS.

By Rev. A. Drahms.

Sweet evening bells float softly down the air,
The splendor falls where deep'ning shadows lie;
Hark! 'tis the Angelus that calls to prayer:
That plighted vow 'twixt list'ning earth and sky.
Soft creeps the starlight, reverent heads bent low
Transfigured stand amid the evening glow.

O say not man is an ignoble thing
Because, forsooth, he lowly tills the soil;
Stirring within a nobler self finds wing
That makes a sacrament of lowliest toil;
Say: "Man's a master when he's most a slave
To high resolve, and rich in what he gave."

The head bent low in humblest task well done
May stand erect in presence of a king!
The highest praise to labor well begun
Is to exalt it as a holy thing:
He walks divinest paths of duty trod
Who upward climbs with weary feet to God.

San Gabriel, Cal.

Leaning toward a sin is as bad as taking it in your arms.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The devotional services at the directors' meeting held last Wednesday, were led by Mrs. Krick. Impressed by the tremendous need of cultivating at this time love instead of hatred, Mrs. Krick presented the peril to America if the awful passion of hate was allowed to sear and blast her soul. The mighty and redemptive power of love was visioned through quotations from a sermon preached by Dr. Charles F. Aked near the beginning of the war, under this title "Germ Theory of Goodness." He said in part:

"Health is infectious like disease. Enthusiasm is contagious. Gentleness, rest, peace, love, are communicable by unconscious contact. We need a new germ theory of goodness to explain it. We must have a new bacteriology, with the transmission of happiness and the transfiguration of life, not morbid growths and organisms, as the subject of investigation in the laboratories of God.

"Give play to your imagination for a moment. Suppose that in the night, while we slept, love stole insensibly into our spirits, expelled with infinitely sweet violence the old self-regarding spirit, with its rivalries, jealousies and greeds, and left us unsophisticated souls. Suppose that not only in one home, or city, or land, this miracle were wrought, but that all men and women everywhere, and the little children, learned to love one another.

"You know what would happen. The age-long quarrel of the masses and classes would cease. Privilege and the proletariat, which stand today at daggers drawn, even as the nations stand with fixed bayonet between them, would be one in the bonds of common service.

"There would be no problem of poverty in the world; no question of the unemployed in our city; no famished hordes of miserable men threatening social overthrow beyond the seas; no child labor staining and shaming our civilization; no color question; no race hate.

"There would be no famine-stricken millions in India; no rubber slaves on the Congo nor cocoa slaves beneath the burning blue of the equator; no flames of blood-red hatred streaming from ocean to ocean over the breadth of a continent. There would be no throned tyrannies, malignant despotisms and mobs with drink-sodden brains enflamed to madness.

"Every prophet-dream would be fulfilled. The glowing hopes of the poets of race would be the plain prose of living. These things would be—if we loved one another.

"So we preach Christ. Theologies come and go. There are fashions in creeds and in churches. Forms of thought flourish and disappear. The expressions of spirituality change. 'The altar cloth of one age is the doormat of the next.' Christ remains. And where the love of Christ constrains us we love one another. The enthusiasm of humanity blazes in souls that burn with love of Him."

* * * * *

Mrs. Evans reported the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union and the Southern California Branch of the W. B. M. P. which she had recently attended at San Bernardino. The intimate and personal touches which she added to the formal report published last week made the meeting very vivid to us all. The beauty of spirit manifested by the women in all their relations and activities received especial comment.

* * * * * *

With the deepest regret the directors accepted the resignation from the board of Mrs. Robert C. Kirkwood. Each one voted with the desire to relieve Mrs. Kirkwood of any strain that seemed overtaxing to her at present, and with the sincere and confident hope that she would return to the board and resume her valuable services as soon as she feels able.

* * * *

Mrs. Edgar Piper, Secretary of the Cradle Roll, reported having sent literature pictures and contribution barrels to Miss Denton, at her request for use in Japan, and to Arizona for the work in the new Branch.

* * * * *

On Sunday afternoon Dr. Cornelius Patton, Secretary of the American Board met with a group of volunteer students at the home of Secretary Henry H. Kelsey in Berkeley. Thus these young people have added another link in the chain that binds them to work in foreign fields when preparation and opportunity make their going possible. The qualifications and aspirations of each were carefully noted down by Dr. Patton, and the record with their names will be filed with many others to whom in a few years the various boards will look to for leadership in their work abroad.

The directors greatly appreciated a conference granted by Dr. Patton on Monday morning to discuss policies and plans of work to which his intimate knowledge and rich experience of such matters could bring the last word. At a luncheon given to him later the same day Dr. Patton impressed his hearers anew with the great place the American Board holds in the religious and commercial life of the whole world, and the opportunities for greater service which the war is preparing.

* * * * *

From a letter of Treasurer Cobb's to Miss Brewer: "We look forward to seeing Miss Denton again and the workers she is bringing with her. She will hardly recognize the Girl's School now that Imadegawa has been widened. The new hedge is a great improvement over the old mud wall, and the fine new gates make an impressive approach."

I WONDER.

It always has been a puzzle to me
What sailors sow when they plow the sea.
Does coffee go with the roll of the drum,
And why is a speaking likeness dumb?
What was it that made the window blind?
Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
Can a drink be got from a tap on the door?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
Can a drink be got from a tap on the door?
Does the edge of the water cut the shore?
How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Have you ever perused a volume of smoke?
Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?
Who is it fixes the teeth of a gale?
Are questions to answer which I fail.

A good time to be a living epistle for the Lord is when things are becoming criss-cross at home.

The lazier a man is today the more he intends to do tomorrow.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. George Atkinson will go in June for three months' work at one of the Coast cantonments.

Sixteen persons were welcomed into fellowship by First Church, Berkeley, at the last communion, seven on confession.

The Rev. W. W. Willard and family have returned from the East and Mr. Willard has engaged as supply at Palo Alto.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society has been chosen as president of the new board of directors for The Pacific.

The Rev. Mr. Thayer who has been supplying at Bethlehem Church, San Francisco, several weeks, has accepted a call to the pastorate.

The Rev. Ralph C. Waddell who closed his pastorate recently at Monroe, Washington, has accepted a call to the work at Hayward.

Park Church, Berkeley, received seven members at a recent communion service, six on confession. The Rev. A. B. Snider, now one of the field secretaries, is supplying.

At the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday the Rev. Mr. Dauncey, a missionary in New Guinea, will speak. For many years he was associated with the noted Chalmers, who gave his life for the great cause there.

The people of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, are being led along satsifying ways these days by Professor John Wright Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion, who has been stated supply for the last ten or twelve weeks.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco bore last Sunday the following note, placed there by the church clerk for the board of deacons and the standing committee. "The officers of the church warmly appreciate the action of the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, in conferring upon Rev. Byron H. Stauffer the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Stauffer's ripe scholarship, sound judgment and experience in Christian work qualify him eminently for this honor. That he may have a long and fruitful ministry in San Francisco is the sincere wish of his congregation."

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Fresno was occupied during the month of April by Professor Bade of the Pacific School of Religion, Mr. Giffen, the pastor, being engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Kearny. Sunday evenings Dr. Bade gave a series of lectures on the Book of Daniel, to which the Fresno Republican gave extensive publicity, devoting about two columns thereto each Monday morning. Inasmuch as the Fresno Republican has a circulation of 30,000 approximately, these lectures reached about 100,000 persons. It is reported that they caused somewhat of a stir and considerable consternation among Adventists and millenarians, who have been extraordinarily active of late because of the world-war.

The Editor of The Pacific has been trying, this week, to attend the annual meeting of the Northern California Conference in Berkeley, and at the same time get the paper out as usual. There has been very little satisfaction in the mix-up. Neither could be well done. Indeed there has been great danger of making a botch of both. But it was the only road along which to move. Next week an experience very much the same will be gone through—the effort being repeated from Pasadena, where the Southern Conference is to meet. Oh, well, the world is moving on toward a day when as to very many things there will be much more equitableness than there is now. The old order is changing ever—and now in this great world war it is changing rapidly. Even in the vision of it there is joy. But the joy is not all in the future. There is joy in having some part in helping along to the new and better day.

MARTINEZ.

The Martinez Sunday School is feeling rejoiced in its new Tercentenary Penant, just received from Boston, we are of 98 Sunday Schools that adopted in 1917 the Tercentenary program for Sunday Schools, set before us a definite goal and attained it! The "Honor Flag" will occupy a prominent place in our Sunday School room.

The church has been presented with a new organ for the use of the Sunday School. As we frequently use both organ and piano in our church music, that left the Sunday School room without an instrument. One of our members has most generously supplied the needed organ.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Congregational Association was greatly enlivened by the personality and message of Miss Miriam Woodberry, Dr. C. H. Patton, and Dr. W. W. Scudder. The meeting was held in the First Congregational Church of Porterville, beginning Sunday evening, April 28 and closing the next evening. The entertaining church and its pastor, Rev. Archie Toothaker, provided generously for their guests.

The Moderator, Rev. E. D. Weage of Tulare, presided at of the sessions. The following are the officers for the coming year: Moderator, Rev. M. G. Papazian of Fresno; Registrar, Rev. LaRue C. Watson of Bowles; Treasurer, Rev. C .H. C. Jackson of Tipton.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

We had the pleasure of the association of Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the Church Building Society this week. He has visited several of the Washington churches during the last two weeks, reporting conditions favorable at Sunnyside and Cheney. He prached at Pilgrim church last Sunday, and led in a campaign of debt raising. Through his persuasive powers over $500 were subscribed in the morning and afternoon. The goal was $1000, and at this writing it is in sight, the last report being $850. Much credit is due the pastor, Dr. C. H. Burdick, for his indefatigable labors and wise leadership. Brother Wikoff has represented the building society of the Pacific Coast for nearly 25 years, and has been an indefatigable and effective worker. The work has developed greatly during his administration and scores of churches and parsonages erected. May he have many more years of service.

Rev. C. H. Harrison of Pullman, was summoned about a week ago for army Y. M. C. A. work overseas. He is at New York by this time and it is expected that he will be sent to France soon. His successor has not been selected.

Dr. D. Starr Jordan, spoke to a crowded audience at the Westminster church a week ago Sunday night, and made a favorable impression. He also spoke at University of Idaho and Washington State College, where old students of his are presidents.

Plymouth church and the Fifth Presbyterian churches have federated for the summer months, with a view of permanent federation. Union is in the air.

Spokane, Wash. J. EDWARDS.

For The Children.

A FROWN AND A SMILE.

Such a silly little, foolish little, naughty little frown—
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.

Nurse scolded—Jamie sighed—
Kitten ran and baby cried—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true)
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about—
Just think how much a little frown can do!

Such a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile—
Too small to do the slightest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.

Nurse was singing like a bird—
Baby cooed and kitten purred—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true)
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content—
Just think how much a little smile can do!

—Theodosia P. Garrison, in Youth's Companion.

THE SILVER LINING.

By Louise Le Mayne.

"May I help myself at your pump, please?" asked the man at the back door, taking off his hat.

He had very good manners, considering this man at the back door. A great many men in old clothes and faded hats called in the course of the year, though they generally asked for something to eat instead of for a drink of water. Sometimes they whined, and sometimes their voices were gruff. It was seldom they spoke in such full, cheerful tones as this man at the back door.

"Why, of course. Here's a tumbler." Helen looked pityingly at the man as he moved away toward the pump. He was not at all young. Such hair as he had left was thickly sprinkled with gray. It seemed a pity that after so many years he should be reduced to the life of a tramp. From the depths of a compassionate heart she sighed.

The man at the pump drank leisurely. The water was cool and delicious, and the shade refreshing. There was no reason why he should be in a hurry to return to the dusty highway. His deliberation gave Helen time to carry out a little plan. When the man brought back the tumbler a package wrapped in waxed paper was awaiting him. "It's just some sandwiches and a few little things like that," Helen said hastily. "I thought you might get hungry, and I hope—oh, I hope you will have good luck."

The stranger looked surprised. Then he raised his eyes and smiled. He had a very agreeable smile for a tanned and dusty wayfarer. For a moment he looked as if he wanted to say something, but he stopped with "Thank you," and put the little package in his pocket.

It was not often that the hospitality of Helen's mother was taken aback, but when the McGee family arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon, she showed symptoms of dismay. She left them taking off their things and sought Helen in the kitchen.

"I don't know what we are going to do for supper," she said. "It's too late for stewed chicken, and we sold off all the broilers last week. If it was just women folks, I'd make an omelet, but men are likely to want something heartier. Dear, dear! I don't know when I was taken so unprepared."

A knock interrupted Helen's expression of sympathy, and she hastened to open the door. The brown man in the shabby suit stood on the steps, and at his side hung a splendid string of speckled trout. Helen gasped.

"You see I've had the luck you were so kind as to wish me," said the stranger. "And I'm going to divide with you, if you please. The sandwiches were delicious and so were the pickles. I hope you'll find the trout equally good."

As a matter of fact the trout were highly appreciated at that supper table. But when Helen began to tell he story of the grateful tramp, her brother George sniffed.

"Tramp! And he uses a silver-mounted fishing rod. He's a rich fellow from the city, and he wears old clothes for the fun of the thing. He hired Eb's boat, and you ought to see the roll he pulled out when he went to pay him. That shows how much girls know!"

Helen joined in the laugh called out by her blunder. "But, anyway," she said, as she passed little John McGee's plate for a third helping, "if it was a mistake, it had a silver lining."

EDNA'S SURPRISE.

The Duncan dairy farm was a big, busy farm near Lake Champlain. Little Edna Duncan loved the sunshiny fields, the big, soft-eyed cows, and the great flocks of sheep. The Duncan cream was famous on both sides of the lake. Every morning the creamery man came early for the great jars of cream which must be ready for him on the minute.

One morning Edna's father had to go away almost before daylight, but Edna and her brother Tommy and little sister Jeanie were up to see him off. They followed their mother out to the big barn to see him hitch up the horses and wave good-bye. The hired man was hurrying to start the milking. Shining pails stood about. As father started off, mother called to him not to fear about the milking's being done in time, for she was going to help.

The children thought it would be great fun to watch mother milking, and they ran eagerly after her as she caught up one of the pails and a milking stool and went toward old Bess' stall. They knew how mother had helped her father in the old days in Scotland, and, indeed, they believed mother knew almost as much about running the farm as father did.

"Edna," said mother, suddenly, "run on into the house, and begin doing up the dishes—that's a good girl!"

"Oh, mother, I want to stay here!" wailed Edna.

"No; be mother's good girl and show what a big girl you're getting to be. Mother needs some help with the work."

Edna slowly left the barn with its pleasant smell of fragrant hay, and went over to the house. The kitchen seemed very big and empty without mother's cheery presence. There seemed to be a great many dishes, too.

Suddenly an idea of surprise popped into her mind, and her feet lost their slow drag. She began to march briskly about. Soon she was fairly flying between the dining room and the sink. Her blue eyes danced with excitement, and she almost laughed out loud.

"Won't she be s'prised!" she cried to herself, dashing to the window to see if mother was yet in sight—and away again with her dishtowel over her arm. In her haste it seemed as if the clock tried to tick all the faster.

After a while, sure enough, mother and the children were coming out of the barn. Edna was just emptying the dustpan. She flew into a chair and sat there with hands meekly folded in her lap, but her eyes had a roguish twinkle.

In came mother and looked about, astonished indeed.

The dishes were all done and the kitchen floor swept.

"II couldn't have done it quicker myself," she beamed, greatly pleased.

"Oh," said Edna, trying to speak indifferently, "I've been sitting here quite a while, mother; quite a while." But she had to laugh, and mother knew.—Sunday School Times.

THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

There's a mystic Weaver sitting high in heaven—
His loom below—up and down the treadles go.
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its king and sages;
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages.
Thrones are bobbins in his shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle—
Warp into the woof must flow;
Up and down the treadles go,
As the Weaver wills they go.
Calmly sits the mystic Weaver—
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know,
What each motion and commotion,
What each fusion and confusion,
In the grand result will show.

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing,
Only faith can read the mystery.
How along the aisles of history
Where the feet of sages go—
Soft and smooth and ever spreading,
As if fit for angels' treading!
Glorious colors fading never,
Tufted circles touching ever,
Each embroidered—what a riddle!
By a cross that gems the middle!
'Tis a saying—but rejected—
That its hues are all reflected
From the sun that shines in heaven.
'Tis believed by all believing
That the great God himself is weaving;
And as warp and woof diminish,
Then shall come the glorious finish
Long foretold by seer and sage;
Then shall come the golden age.

BE GLAD.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
But behind it shines the blue.

Be glad of pain;
Art thou weary, tender heart?
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

Take away the refining influence of woman and one man in every three would soon have bristles on him.

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